



I see

Mournful hills, sad shady  
 fields who <sup>see the</sup> never <sup>glitter</sup> or  
 shine ~~into~~ of stars or  
 sun, re-echo sadly to  
 the sound of my mournful  
 words, whilst with gloomy  
 accent I sigh with you  
 my lost well-being; and  
 you for pity of my suffering  
 weep at my  
 mourning O shades of the  
 infernal regions. Alas, alas  
 I mourn the <sup>(sun)</sup> light of my eyes  
 who met her death at dawn.

I, who ~~for~~ on high  
with sighs & moans, a  
face of grief or threat,  
make the faces of the  
crowded audience in the  
~~theater~~ theater grow  
pale with pity; not  
the shed  $\frac{1}{2}$  blood of innocence,  
not the spent-eye of the  
mad tyrant, a spectacle  
sad for human contemplation,  
do I sing in gloomy  
tearful scenes.